THE COVNTER SCVFFLE.

Whereunto is added, the COVNTER-RATT.

Writt enby R. S.

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THE COVNTER-SCVFFLE.

LEt that Maiesticke pen that writes
Of braue K. *Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble feates and fights:
And those who tell of Mice and Frogges,
And of the skirmishes of Hogges,
And of firece *Beares*, and Mastiue Dogges,
Be silent
And now let each one listen well,
While I the famous Battle tell,
In *Woodstreet Counter* that befell
In high Lent.
In which great *Scuffle* onely twaine,
Without much hurt, or being slaine,
Immortall honour did obtaine
by merit.

One was a *Captaine* in degree,
A ſtrong and luſty man was hee,
T'other a *Tradeſ-man* bold and free
Of Spirit.

And though he was no man of force,
He had a ſtomacke like a Horſe,
And in his rage had no remorſe
Or pittie.

Full nimbly could he cuffe and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettieſt Sparkes about
The Citie.

And at his weapon any way
He would performe a ſingle fray,
Euen from the long Pike to the *Tay-*
lors Bodkin.

He reckt not for his fleſh a iot,
He feard nor *Engliſhman* nor *Scot*,
For *Man* or *Monſter*, car'd he not
A Dodkin.

For fighting was his recreation
And like a man in Deſperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*
He car'd not.

And

And in his Anger (cauſe being giuen)
Or lift his fiſt 'gainſt good Sir *Steuen*,
To any *Juſtice* vnder Heauen,
He fear'd not.
He durſt his enemie withſtand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis* land,
And brauely there with ſword in hand
Would greet him.
And noble *Ellis* was his name,
Who 'mongſt his foes to purchaſe fame,
Nor cared though the Diuell came
To meete him.
And this braue *Goldſmith* was the man,
Who firſt this worthy brawle began,
Which after ended in a Can
Of mild Beere.
But had you ſeene him when he fought,
How eagerly for bloud he ſought,
Ther's no man but would haue him thought
A wild Beare.
Imagine now you ſee a ſcore
Of madcap Gentlemen or more,
Boyes that did vſe to royſt and rore,
And ſwagger.

Among the which were three or foure,
That rul'd themſelues by wiſdomes lore,
Whoſe very Grandſires ſcarcely wore
A Dagger.
A *Prieſt* and *Lawer*, men well read,
In wiping Spoones, and chipping bread,
And falling too, ſhort grace being ſed,
Full roundly.
Whoſe hungry mawes no Sallets need
Good appetites therein to breed,
Their ſtomaekes without ſauce could feed
Profoundly.
'Twas ill that men of ſober dyet,
Who lou'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins*, that to ryot
Were giuen:
And (O great griefe!) euen from their food,
(Their Stomacks too, being ſtrong & good)
And that ſweet place whereon it ſtood,
Be driuen.
But here t'is fitting I repeat,
What food our daintie Priſoners eat?
But if in placing of the meat
And Diſhes.
From

From curious order I doe ſwerue,
T'is that themſelues did none obſerue,
For which nor fleſh they did deſerue
Nor Fiſhes.
But ſome (perhaps) will ſay that Lent,
Affords them not what heere is ment,
So much, ſo good, and that they went
Without it.
T'is like: but if I adde a Diſh,
Or twaine, or three, of Fleſh or Fiſh,
They either had, or did it wiſh,
Ne're doubt it.
Then wipe your mouthes while I declare,
The goodneſſe of their Lenten faire,
Which is in Priſons very rare,
I tell ye.
Furmitie ſweet as any *Nut*, *The Sup-*
As good as euer ſwill'd a Gut, *per.*
And Butter ſweet as e're was put
In belly.
Egges by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white Salt vprightly ſtood,
And meats which heat and ſtir the bloud
To action.
As

As butter'd *Crabs* and *Lobſters* red,
Which ſend the married payre to bed,
And in looſe blouds haue often bred
A Faction.
Fiſh butterd to the Platters brim,
And Parſnips did in Butter ſwim,
Strew'd ore with Pepper neate and trim
Salt Salmon.
Smelts cryde, Come eate me, doe not ſtay,
Freſh Cod, and *Maides* full neerely lay,
And next to theſe a luſty *Ba-*
con Gammon.
Stuck thicke with Cloues vpon the backe,
Well ſtuft with Sage, and for the ſmacke,
Daintily ſtrewd with Pepper blacke,
Sous'd Gurnet.
Pickrell, *Sturgion*, *Tench* and *Trout*,
Meate farre to good for ſuch a rout,
To tumble, toſſe, and throw about
And ſpurne it.
The next, a *Neats-Tongue* neately dryde,
Muſtard and *Sugar* by his ſide,
Rochets butter'd *Flounders* fryde,
Hot *Cuſtards.*

Eeeles

Eeles boyl'd and broil'd: and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fiſhes* King,
And then a Courtly Poll of *Ling*,
And *Muſtard*.
But ſtay, I had almoſt forgot
The fleſh which ſtill ſtands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, ſome from the Pot
New taken.
A *Shoulder*, and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,
As good as euer Knife was put on,
Which neuer were by a true Glutton
Forſaken.
A *Loyne* of *Veale*, that would haue dar'd
One of the hungrieſt of the *Guard*,
And they ſometimes will feed full hard,
Like tall men,
And ſuch as loue the *Luſtie Chine*:
But when that I ſhall ſup or dine,
God grant they be no *Gueſts* of mine,
Of all men.
Thus the Deſcriptions are compleat,
Which I haue made of men and meat.
Mars aide me now, while I repeat
The Battle,

Where Pots and Stooles were vs'd as Gins,
To breake each others Heads, and Shins
Where blowes did make bones in their skins
To rattle.
Where men in madneſſe neuer ceaſt,
Till each (furious, as a Beaſt)
Had ſpoyl'd the faſhion of a Feaſt,
Full daintie.
Whereon, they had not beene accurſt,
The might haue fed, till bellies burſt:
But *Ellis* ſhew'd himſelfe the worſt
Of twentie.
For he began this monſtrous brall,
Which afterward incens'd them all,
To throw the meat about the Hall,
That euen.
And now giue eare vnto the Iarre,
That fell betweene theſe men of Warre,
Wherin ſo many a harmeleſſe ſ[illegible]re
Was giuen.
The boord thus furniſht each man ſate,
Some fell to feeding, ſome to prate,
Mong whom a iarring queſtion ſtraight
Was riſen.
For

For they grew hotly in diſpight,
What Calling was of moſt repute:
T'was well their wits were ſo acute
In Priſon. *Parſon.*
While they diſcours'd the *Parſon* blythe
Fed, as he meant to haue the Tythe,
Of euery Diſh, being ſharpe (as Sythe)
in feeding.
But haſte had almoſt made him choke,
Or elſe, perhaps, he would haue ſpoke
In prayſe of his long-threed-bare Cloke,
And breeding.
But after a deliberate pawſe,
The *Lawyer* ſpoke as he had cauſe
In commendation of the *Lawes* *Lawyer.*
Profeſſion.
The Law, quoth he, by a iuſt doome,
Doth cenſure all that to it come,
And ſtill defends the Innocent from
Oppreſſion.
It fauours Truth; it curbes the hope
Of Vice; it giues Allegeance ſcope;
Prouides a Gallowes and a Rope
For Treaſon.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes vs heere in Priſon ſit,
Which grounded is on holy Writ
And Reaſon.
To which all men muſt ſubiect be,
As we by daily proofe doe ſee,
From higheſt to the low'ſt degree;
The *Scholler*,
Noble, and *Rich*: It doth ſubdue
The *Souldier*, and his ſwaggering crue.
But at that word the Captaine grew
In choller.
The ſouldier. He lookt full grim, and at firſt word,
Rapt out an Oath, that ſhooke the board,
And ſtrucke his fiſt, that the ſound roar'd
Like thunder.
It made all skip, that ſtood him neere,
The frighted *Cuſtard* quak'd for feare,
And thoſe that heard it, ſtricken were
With wonder.
Nought did he now but frowne, and puffe,
And hauing ſtar'd, and ſwore enough,
Thus he began in language rough:
Thou cogging,
Baſe

Baſe toyſting *Lawyer*, that doſt ſet
Thy mind on nothing, but to get
Thy liuing by thy damned pet-
tifogging:
A Slaue, that ſhall for halfe a Crowne,
With Buckram bag, and daggled Gowne,
Waite like my Dogge about the Towne,
And follow
A buſineſſe of the Deuils part,
For Fees, though nor with Law nor Art:
But head as emptie as thy heart
Is hollow.
You ſtay at home, and pocket Fees,
While we abroad our blouds doe leeſe,
And then, with ſuch baſe termes as theſe
You wrong vs.
But *Lawyer*, it is ſafer farre
For thee to prattle at a Barre,
Then once to ſhew thy face i'th Warre
Among vs.
Where to defend ſuch thankleſſe Hinds,
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to ſtormie winds.
And weathers,

And oft in bloud he wades full deepe,
Your throats from forrain ſwords to keep,
And wakes, when you ſecurely ſleepe
In feathers.
What could your *Lawes* or *Statutes* doe
Againſt Inuaſions of the *Foe*,
Did not the valiant *Souldier* goe
To quell'em?
And to preuent your further harmes,
VVith Enſigne, Fife, and lowd Alarmes
Of warlike Drum, by force of Armes
Repell'em?
Your *Treſpaſſe Action* will not ſtand,
For ſetting foot vpon your Land,
VVhen they in ſcorne of your *Command*
Come hither.
No remedie in *Courts* of *Powles*,
In *Common Place*, or in the *Rowles*,
For iolling of your *Iobbernolls*
Together.
VVert not for vs, thou *Swad*, quoth hee,
VVhere would'ſt thou fog to get a fee?
But to defend ſuch things as thee,
'Tis pitie.
For

For ſuch as thou, eſteeme vs leaſt,
Who euer haue beene readie preſt,
To guard you, and the *Cuckowes* neſt,
Your *Cities.*
That very word made *Ellis* ſtart,
And all his bloud ranne to his heart,
He ſhooke, and quak'd in euery part
With anger.
He lookt, as if nought might aſſwage
The heate of his inflamed rage,
His very countenance did preſage
Some danger.
A *Cuckowes* neſt? quoth he: and ſo,
He humm'd, and held his head full low,
As if diſtracted thoughts did o-
uerpreſſe him.
At length, quoth he, my Mother ſed,
At *Briſtow* ſhe was brought abed,
And there was *Ellis* borne and bred,
(God bleſſe him.)
Of *London* Citie I am free,
And there I firſt my *Wife* did ſee,
And for that very cauſe, quoth hee,
I loue it.

Citizens

Elis a Briſtow-man.

And

And he that cals it *Cuckowes* neſt,
Except he ſayes he ſpeakes in ieſt,
He is a Vallaine, and a beaſt,
Ile prooue it.
This Ile maintaine, nor doe I care,
Though *Captaine Pot-gun* ſtampe and ſtare,
And ſwagger, ſweare, and teare his haire
In furie.
And with the hazard of my bloud,
Ile fight vp to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarell good,
Aſſure yee.
For though I am a man of Trade,
And free of *London* Citie made,
Yet can I vſe *Gunne*, *Bill*, and *Blade*
In battle.
And Citzens, if need require,
Themſelues can force the Foe retire
What euer this *Low-Country* Squire
Doe prattle.
For we haue Souldiers of our owne,
Able enough to guard the Towne,
And Captaines of moſt faire renowme,
About it,
If

If any Foe ſhould fight amaine,
And ſet on vs with all his Traine,
Weele make him to retyre againe,
Ne're doubt it.
We haue fought well in dangers paſt,
And will doe while our liues doe laſt,
Without the helpe of any caſt
Commanders,
That hither come, compell'd by want,
With ruſtie Swords, and Suits Prouant,
From *Vtrich*, *Numigen*, or *Gant*,
In *Fanders*:
The *Captaine* could no longer hould,
But looking fiercely, plainely told
The Citizen, hee was too bold,
And call'd him
Proud *Boy*, and for his ſawcie ſpeech,
Did ſhortly vow to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* ſnatcht the Pot, with which
He mall'd him:
He threw the Iugge, and therewithall, *The ſcuffle.*
He gaue the *Captaine* ſuch a mall,
As made him thumpe againſt the wall
His Crupper.

With that the *Captaine* tooke a Dish,
That stood brim full of butterd fish,
As good as any hearts could wish
To Supper.
And as he threw his foote did slide,
Which turn'd his arme and dish aside,
And all be-Butter-fishifide
Nic Ballat.
And he good man did none disease,
But sitting quiet and at ease,
With butterd *Rochets* sought to please
His Pallat.
But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd and swore and grew starke mad,
Some in the roome beene better had
without him.
For he tooke hold of any thing,
And first he caught the Poll of *Ling*,
Which he couragiously did fling
About him.
Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the bord in highest place
Was seated
And

And as the *Lawyer* thought to riſe,
The Salt was throwne into his eyes,
Which him of ſight in wofull wiſe
Defeated.
All things neere hand, *Nic Ballat* threw:
At length his butterd *Rochets* flew,
And hit by chance, among the crew,
The Parſon.
The Sauce his coate did all be-wet
The *Prieſt* began to fume and fret,
The ſeat was buttred which he ſet
His--on.
He knew not what to doe or ſay,
It was in vaine to Preach or pray,
Or crie you are all gone a ſtray,
Good people:
He might as well goe ſtriue to teach,
Deuinitie beyond his reach,
Or when the Bels ring out, goe preach
I'th Steeple.
At this miſchance the ſilly man,
Out of the rome would faine haue ran,
And very angerly began
To mutter.

Ill lucke had he, for after that,
One threw the *Parſneps* full of fat,
VVhich ſtucke like Brooches in his Hat,
With Butter.

Out of the place he ſoone repaires,
And ran halfe headlong downe the Sraires,
And made complaint to Maſter *Ayres*
With crying.

Vp ranne he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did ſcatter,
Heere a Trencher, there a Platter
Were lying.

I dare not ſay, he ſtunke for woe,
Nor will, vnleſſe I did it know,
But ſome there bee that dare ſay ſo,
That ſmelt him.

Nor could yee blame him, if hee did,
For they threw Diſhes at his head,
And did with Egges and Loaues of bread,
Bepelt him.

He thruſt himſelfe into the throng,
And vs'd the vertue of his tongue:
But what could one mans word among
So many?

The

The *Candles* all were ſhuffled out,
The Victuals flew afreſh about:
Was neuer ſuch a Combate fought
By any.

Now in the darke was all the coyle,
Some were bloody in the broyle,
And ſome lay ſteept in *Sallet-Oyle*,
And *Muſtard*.

The ſight would make a man affeard:
Another had a butterd Beard,
Anothers face was all beſmear'd
With *Cuſtard*.

Others were dawb'd vp to the knee
VVith buttered *Fiſh* and *Furmitie*.
And ſome the men could ſcarcely ſee
That beat'em.

Vnder the boord *Lluellin* lay,
Being ſore frighted with the fray,
And as the weapons flew that way,
He eate'em.

Wil. Lluelin, *a Priſoner there, ſom time the Keeper.*

The bread ſtucke in the windowes all,
Like bullets in a *Caſtle* wall,
VVhich furious Foes doe ſeeke to ſcale
In battle.

Shoulders of *Mutton*, and Loynes of *Veale*,
Appointed for to ſerue the Meale,
About their eares full many a Peale
Did rattle.

One of the vnder Keepers. The which, when *Ouen Blany* ſpide,
Oh, take away their Armes he cride,
Leaſt ſome great hurt doe them betide
Preuent it.

And then the Knaue away did ſteale,
Of food that fell, no little deale,
And in his houſe at many a meale,
he ſpent it.

The *Captaine* ranne the reſt among,
As eager to reuenge the wrong,
Done by the *Pot* which *Ellis* flung
So ſtoutly.

And angrie *Ellis* fought a bout,
To find the furious *Captaine* out,
At length they met and then they fought
Deuoutly.

Now being met the neuer lin,
Till with their lowd robuſtious din,
The roome and all that was therein,
Did rumble.

In-

Inſtead of weapons made of Steele,
The *Captaine* tooke a ſalted *Eele*,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reele,
And tumble.

Ellis A pippin Pye had got,
A ſoarer weapon then the Pot:
For loe the Apples being hot,
Did ſcald him.

The *Captaine* layd about him ſtill
As if he would poore *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eele* with a good will,
He mall'd him.

At length, quoth he *Ellis* thou art,
A fellow of couragious heart,
Yeeld now and I will take thy part
Hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I ſcorne to heare
Thy words of threats, beene free from feare,
With which he hardly could forbeare
From laughter.

Together then a freſh they flye,
The *Eele* againſt the *Pippin Pye*:
But *Blany* ſtood there purpoſely,
To wach'em.

The

The weapons wherewithall they fought,
Were thoſe, for which he chiefly ſought,
And with an eager ſtomacke thought
To catch em.
but ſcap'd not now ſo well away,
As at the *Veale* and *Mutton* fray:
He thought to haue with ſuch a prey
His iawes fed.
But all his hope did turne aſide,
He lookt for that which lucke deny'd:
For *Ellis* all be-Pippin-pide
His Calues head.
Woe was the caſe he now was in,
The Apples hot, did ſcald the skin,
His Skull, as it had rotten bin,
Did coddle:
With that one foole among the rout,
Made out-crie all the houſe about,
That *Blany's* braines were beaten out
His noddle.
A Turnkey, a fat fellow. Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would ſee,
What all this coyle and ſtirre might be,
And vp the Staires, his Guts and he
VVent wadling.
But

But when he came the Chamber neere,
Behinde the doore he ſtood to heare,
But in he durſt not come for feare
Of ſwadling.
There ſtood he in a frightfull caſe:
And as by chance he ſtir'd his face,
Full on the mouth, a butter'd Playce
Did hit him.
Away he ſneakt, and with his tongue,
He lick'd, and ſwallow'd vp the wrong,
And as he went the roome along,
Be--him.
For helpe now, doth poore *Lockwood* crie,
O bring a Surgion, or I die,
My guts out of my belly flye:
Come quickly.
Blany with open mouth likewiſe,
For preſent helpe of Surgeon cryes,
Pittie a man, quoth he, that lyes
So ſickly.
Phillips, the skilfull Surgeon then,
Was cal'd, and cal'd, and cal'd agen,
If he had skill to cure theſe men,
To ſhew it.

At length he comes, and firſt he puts
His hands, to feele for *Lockwoods* guts,
Which came not foorth ſo ſweet as Nuts,
All know it.
He cryes for water. In the meane
One cals vp *Madge* the *Kitchin queane*,
To take and make the Baby cleane
And clout it.
Faſt by the Noſe ſhee tooke the Squall,
And led him ſoftly through the Hall,
Leſt the perfume through knees ſhould fall
About it.
Shee turn'd his Hoſe beneath his knee,
Nor could ſhee chuſe but laugh to ſee
That yellow, which was wont to be
A white breach.
Shee tooke a Diſh-clout off the Shelfe,
And with it wipt the durtie Elfe,
Which had not wit to helpe it ſelfe,
Poore--breech.
Thus leauing *Lockwood* all be-rai'd.
Vnto the mercie of the Maide,
Who well deſerued to be payd
For taking
Such

Such homely paines. Now let vs caſt
Our thoughts backe on the ſtirre that's paſt,
And them whoſe bones could not in haſte
Leaue aking.
And like the Candles, ſhall my Pen
Shew you theſe Gallants once agen,
Which now like *Furies*, not like men.
Appeared.
Freſh lights being brought t'appeaſe the brale
Shew twentie mad men in the Hall,
With Bloud and Sauce their faces all
Beſmeared.
Their Cloathes rent and ſows'd in drinke,
Oyle Muſtard, Butter, and the ſtinke,
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one thinke
In ſadneſſe.
That theſe ſo monſtrous creatures dwell,
Either in *Bedlam*, or in Hell,
Or that no tongue, or pen can tell
Their madneſſe.
They were indeed diſ-figur'd ſo,
Friend knew not friend, nor foe-man foe,
And each man ſcare himſelfe did know:
But after

A franticke ſtaring round about,
They ſodainely did quit their doubt,
And lowdly all at once brake out
In lafter.

The heart of all is now alaid,
The Keepers gently doe perſwade,
And (as before) all friends are made,
Full kindly.

Ellis, the *Captaine* doth imbrace;
The *Captaine* doth returne the grace,
And ſo doe all men in the place,
As friendly.

By *Ioue* I loue thee, *Ellis* cryd;
The *Captaine* ſoone as much replyed,
Thou art, quoth he, a man well tryde:
And *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at ods againe ſhall be,
E're any iarres twixt thee and me:
And thereupon I drinke to thee
A full Can.

And then he kneeld vpon the ground.
Drinkt off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For euer ſhall be held renownd:
And neuer.

May

May any quarrell twixt vs twaine
Ariſe; or this renue againe:
But may we louing friends remaine
For euer.

Amen, cryde *Captaine*, ſo did all,
And ſo the health went through the Hall,
And thus the Noble *Counter*-brall
Was ended.

But hunger now did vexe'em more,
Then all their anger did before:
They ſearcht i'th roome how far their ſtore
Extended.

They want the meat which *Blany* ſtole:
One finds a *Herring* in a hole,
With durt and duſt blacke as a coale,
And trodden

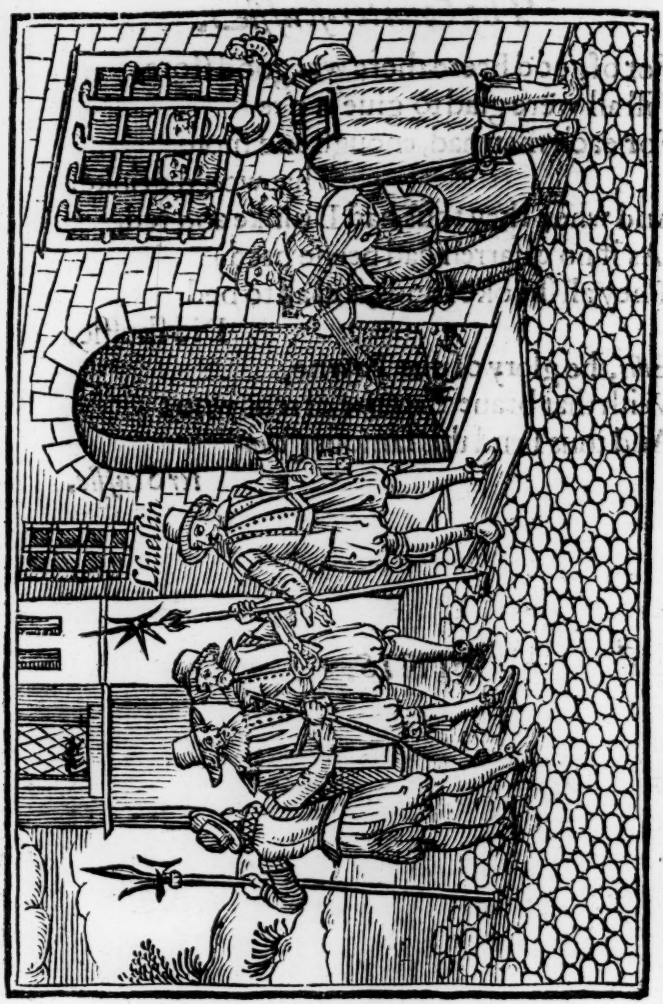
All vnder feete; The next in poſt
Snaps vp, and feeds on what was loſt,
And lookes not whether it be roſt
Or ſodden.

A third, finds in another place
A piece of *Lyng* in durtie caſe,
And *Muſtard* in his fellowes face:
Another.

Eſpies, that finds a loafe of bread:
A diſh of Butter all beſpread,
And ſtucke vpon anothers head
I'th poother.
Thus what they found, contented ſome,
At length the Keepet brings a Broome,
Meaning therewith to cleanſe the roome,
With ſweeping.
But vnder Table, on the ground
Looking to ſweepe, by chance he found
Luellin, fainening to be found-
ly ſleeping
He pull'd him out ſo ſwift by the heeles,
As if his arſe had ran on wheeles,
And found his pocket ſtuft with *Eeles*:
His Cod-piece
Did plentie of prouiſion bring,
Somewhat it held of euery thing,
Smelts, *Flounders*, *Rochets*, and of *Ling*
A broad piece.
At this diſcouerie each man round
Tooke equall ſhare of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd
In good drinke.
For

For of good Beere there was good ſtore,
Till all were glad to giue it o're
For each man had, enough and more
That wou'd drinke.
And when they thus had Drunke and fed,
(As if no quarrell had beene bred)
They all ſhooke hands, and all to bed
Did ſhuffle.
Ellis, the glory of this Towne,
With that braue *Captaine* of renowne:
And thus I end this famous *Coun-*
ter-Scuffle.

FINIS.


Liuelin

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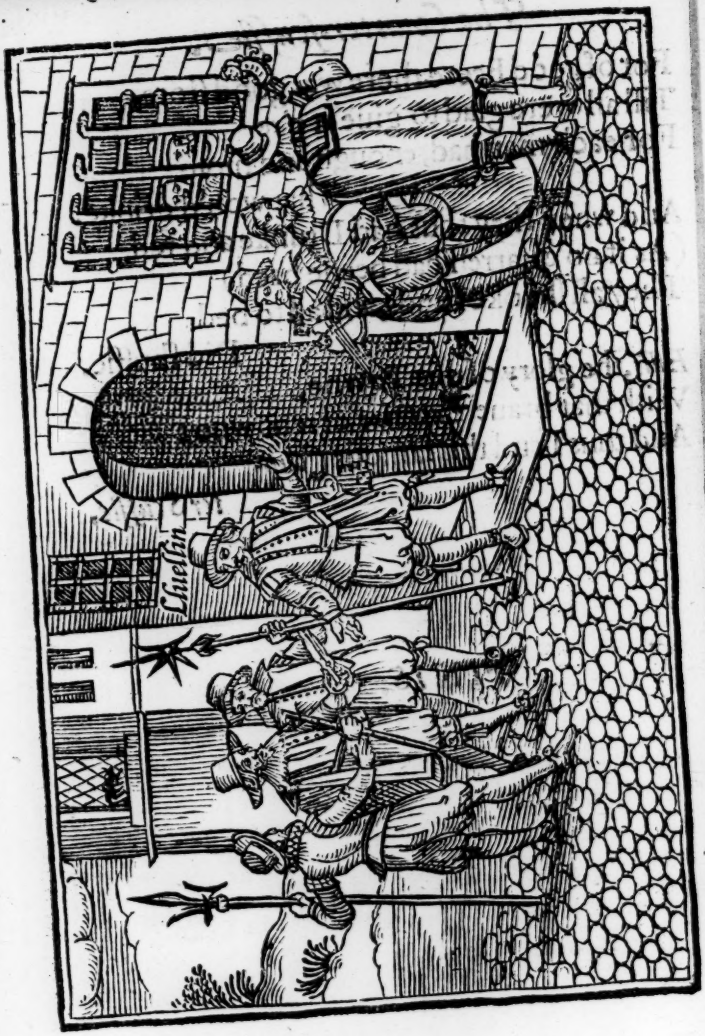
Vpon this ſlouenlineſſe, it is wofully haunted with Rats, not ſuch Rats as runne vp and downe in Brew-houſes, ſucking the new wort of ſtrong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Beere ſo long, and in ſuch abundance, that halfe the Citie is compelled to drink beere as ſmall as water: Nor thoſe Rats which are not mealy-mouth'd in Bake-houſes, where they gnaw ſo many batches of Bread, that a Peny-loafe wants ſometimes three or foure ounces in waight: And then the honeſt Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently ſet in the Pillorie.

Neither are they thoſe Rats, which greaze their throats in Tallow-Chaundlers ſhops, where they nibble ſo much vpon candles, that not one pound in an hundred is euer full waight.

No, theſe are no Rats with foure legs, but only two; and though they haue neſts in a thouſand places of London, *yet for the moſt part they run but into two Rat-traps, that's to ſay, The Compters of* Wood-ſtreet *and the* Poultry, *and for that cauſe are called Compter-Rats.*

How caught, how mowz'd, and what they are,
This Picture liuely does declare.

THE

THE COVNTER-RAT.

OF Knights and Squires of low degree,
Of Roaring Boyes, that ſtick and ſnee,
Of Battoon Dam-mees that cry Bree,
I ſing now.
At men and women (Bawds and Whores)
At Pimps and Panders that keepe doores *,
At all that out-face Vintners ſcores,
I ſling now.
What ſling I? Nothing, but light rimes,
(Not tun'd as are S^t. *Pulchers* Chimes)
No ſteeples height my Muſe now climbes,
But flyeth
Cloſe to the ground as Swallowes doe,
When rainy weather muſt enſue,
She flies, and ſings; and if not true,
She lyeth.

* *I meane no play-doores: Thoſe are too honeſt.*

The Kings Iuggler. Lay (*Hocus Pocus*) thy tricks by*,
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads dye,
Thy Theaming likewiſe I defie,
O *Fenner.*
Let Hogſdon-Scrapers on their Baſe
Sound Fum fum-fum, from tottred caſe,
Nor Meane, nor Treble now take place,
But Tennor:
A Counter-Tennor is that Note,
Too eaſie,—'tis ne're ſung by rote,
But got with wetting well your throat
With Claret,
Or ſtout March-beere, or Windſor Ale,
Or Labour-in vaine (ſo ſeldome ſtale,)
Or Pymlico, whoſe too great ſale
Did marre it.
He that me reades, ſhall fall out flat
With *Homers* Frog, and *Virgills* Gnat,
And *Ouids* Flea, which ſo neere ſat
The Moone-ſhine;
For I of ſtranger wonders write,
Of a wilde Vermine got each night,
Mad Bull i'th' darke, but Gulls in ſight
Of Sun-ſhine.

My

My Metamorphoſis is rare,
For Men to Rats transformed are,
And (then) thoſe Rats are Priſoners fare,
O pittie!
But'tis good ſport to ſee them dreſt,
To garniſh out a Mornings Feaſt,
Each bit being ſalted with a ieſt
Scarce witties.
Theſe are not Rats that nibble cheeſe,
Or challenge mouldy cruſts for fees,
And rather will their long tailes leeſe
Than Bacon:
No, theſe are they, whoſe guts being cram'd.
(As Cannons hard with powder ram'd)
And Bag-pipe cheekes with wines inflam'd,
Are taken
By Conſtables and Bill men eke,
Who ſpeake nor Latine, French, nor Greeke,
But are Night-Sconces, out to ſeeke
Night-Sneakers,
Who late in Tauernes vp doe ſit,
Whiffing Smoke, Money, Time, and Wit,
Powring in Bowles, till out they ſpit
Full Beakers.

Theſe (then) being to the Counter led,
Each Priſoner ſhakes his ſhaggie head,
And leaning halfe out of his bed,
A laughing
Fals,—And cries out—A Rat,—A Rat,
Oh! roares another,—Is he fat?
If not,—Flea off his cloake, or hat;
Thus ſcoffing,
Till Morne they lye.—The poore Rat gets
Into ſome hole,—Beſides his wits,
To heare ſuch catterwalling fits,
So fright him:
But day being riſe,—All vp doe riſe,
And call for Beere to cleare his eyes,
A Garniſh then the whole Roomes cryes,
They bite him.
Aske any how ſuch newes I tell,
Of *Woodſtreets* Hole or *Poultries* Hell?
Know. I did mongſt thoſe Gypſies dwell
That cozen there,
I meane the Turne-keyes, and thoſe Knaues,
Who rack (for fees) men, worſe than ſlaues;
I ſaw brought in with bills and glaues,
Some dozen there.
For

For I one night by Rug-gownes caught,
Was for a Rat toth' Compter brought,
What there my deere experience bought,
Ile ſell yee
Cheaper, than I could haue it there,
For they for Tokens, throats will teare,
But ſuch as'tis, fill with the cheere
Your belly.
Pricke vp your eares, for I begin
To tell, what Rats (by night) came in,
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Ginne,
But mildely,
Being call'd before the Bench of Wits,
Who ſit out midnights Bedlame fits;
But ſome being rid (like Iades with bits)
Ran wildely.
Firſt, about twelue, the Compter gates
Thundred with thumping: - Dores & grates
Reel'd at the peale, — when our Priſon mates
Vp ſtarting,
Saw in yard a franticke Swarme,
Crying, O my head, necke, ſides, leg, arme,
Sore had the fight beene, but ſmall harme
A parting.

It

It was a Watch, ſwearing We bleed,
But 'twas their noſes dropp'd indeed:
Maſters (quoth they) We charge take heed
Of Him there.

A Roaring Rat.

THat Royſter, vs to our trumps has put,
And runne our Beadle th'row a gut,
His Bilbo has from each man cut
A limbe here.
They gone,-Vp comes the Bredah Bouncer,
His tusks ſtiff-ſtarch'd like a braue Mounſer,
Of Turnebull-Puncks a ſtaring Trouncer,
Some knew him;
Why, here (quoth we)-Why? zounds, becauſe
I tugg'd with Beares, and par'd there pawes,
But ſure I mawld Mr. Conſtables Iawes,
Or ſlew him:
All's one,—ſaid one, Pleaſe you to Bed Sir,
He (ſwearing (roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,
I ſcorne to rocke my Harneſſe-Head Sir,
In feathers:
Giue

The Counter-Rat.

Giue me a Bricke, Sir, for my bolſter,
An Armorer ſtill is my vpholſter,
In froſt, ſnow, muck-hills I can roll Sir,
Hang wethers.
Rogue, fetch me a ſweet truſſe of ſtraw,
To fire thy Iayle,—Pox a this Law,
That coopes a Souldier like Iack Daw,
I'ſt treaſon?
Raſcall! more Claret, There's none here Sir,
Why then (you mangie Cur) ſome beere Sir,
There's not a Tapſter dares come neere Sir,
Thy reaſon.
Becauſe you thwack out ſuch huge words Sir,
His wezand fears them worſe than ſwords Sir,
Mum then,—Ile take a nap o'th'boords Sir,
He ſleepes there.

A Croſſe-legg'd Rat.

A Puritan Taylor then came in,
Who, (to take meaſure) out had bin,
And (Mawdlin-drunke) to rince his ſin,
He weepes there.

Weepes to be call'd a Rat, being knowne
A man at leaſt, —ſo downe being throwne
On a hard Bench, thus did he groane
In ſorrow;
Brethren, where am I? —One replyed,
In *Wood-ſtreet* Compter: —O my pride!
Thou art tane downe, and I muſt hide
To morrow
A head, that was hid before,
Woe worth him makes *Manaſſes* roare,
But dye I may not in his ſcore,
Beleeue me,
For conſolation I eſpy
Th'row my ſweet Spaniſh Needles eye,
The Siſters will, (if here I lye)
Releeue me.
Siſters i'th' Compter! oh no! Here
Onely the wciked ones appeare,
Waſh then thy ſhame in briniſh teares
Confeſſing,
Th'art rightly puniſh'd for thy Yard,
And for thy Gooſe which graz'd too hard,
And for ſome ſtuffes which thou haſt marr'd
With preſſing.
We

We ask'd him, why he was brought in,
Blacke threads of vice (quoth he) I ſpin,
And then againe did thus begin,
Condoling,
All are not Friers (I ſee) weare Cowles,
Nor all in minc'd ruffes, Milke-white ſoules,
I ſhould haue talk'd thus, when the bowles
Were trolling:
But then, to ſteale I held no harme,
Lappets of drinke to keepe me warme,
But linings wet, hurt, though they arme,
Indeedla,
O would my ſheeres might cut my thred,
Why is this croſſe-legg'd miſchiefe bred?
Mending my want from heele to head
With ſpeed-la.
Sorrow has made me dry —No matter,
Out of mine eyes will I drinke water,
No other Ram my braines ſhall batter,
To kill me,
Roofe, Touch no more wines (French or (Spaniſh)
All drinks Papiſticall I baniſh,
Out of my lips, this phraſe ſhall vaniſh,
Boy, —Fill me.

Each Monday lent them,--To buy Skate
Crabs, Plaiſe and Sprats at *Belinſgate*,
Thus, then they meet, and hold thus late
Their drillings.
Hee reſts in peace,--but is not dead,
Yet is wormes meat in lowzie bed,
And lies like one wrapd vp in led,
None ſtirr'd him,
But all his Oyſter-mouths gap'd wide,
(Wine in their guts was at full Tide)
The Deuill did ſo their Rumps beſtride,
And ſpurr'd them:
They flung, & winc'd, & kick'd down-ſtaires
Themſelues,--And ſtamp'd like Flanders Mares,
Hell is broke looſe,-No Keeper dares
Approach them;
For, at that Dogge (beſawc'd in Sacke,)
They grinde their teeth, and curſe him black,
Crying out, 'Tis thee does breake their back,
And broach them
So faſt, that all their gaines boyle out,
Deepe-red to dye his pockie ſnout,
But, That which flung theſe brands about
So hotly,

One bid him call for beere,—He ſed,
Oh! No more beere,—but reach me bread,
By that Ile ſweare,—Would I were dead,
And rotten,
When I agen ſwell ought but whay,
Yet left (being cold) my zeale decay,
Hot waters ſhall not be one day
Forgotten.

An Old gray Rat.

THis done, he nods, and quickly ſnores;
And then afreſh wind fly the dores,
An Vſurer hedg'd in with mad whores,
Came wallowing,
As does a great ſhip on the ſeas,
Set on by Gallies,—for, all theſe
Were Fiſh-wiues, who had wine at eaſe
Beene ſwallowing,
And blowne him vp with penny-pots
Of Sacke, which fall to him by lots,
Payd him at weekes end byth'old Trots,
For ſhillings
Each

'Gan now to quench them, ſleepe does ſound
Retreat, Dead-drunke they all lie drow'nd
In caſt-vp wine,—and on the ground
The ſhot lye.

A Blacke Rat.

SCarce was this helliſh dinne ally'd,
But drencht in mire, with driuke beray'd,
(New-curied) was brought in a lade
All mettle,
An Eſtridge that iron barres could eat,
And ſtrong beare out of Sea-coales beat,
His fifty cuffes did the Watch fret
And nettle;
This ſecond Smug, who had the ſtaggers,
This Vulcaniſt, whoſe nailes were daggers,
This Smith ſo arm'd in Ale, he ſwaggers,
At ſnoring,
Though lockd vp, yet ſet vp his trade,
Bolts, Hindges, Barres, and Grates he made
Fly,—which being heard, the Iaylors payd
His roaring.
They

The Counter-Rat.

They furniſh'd him with iron enough,
Necke, hands, and legs had armour tough,
And ſtronger, (but more cold) than Buffe
To guard him;
How did they this? None durſt come neere
Like Tom of Bedlam did they fear him, (him
All bringing cans, to pledge them, ſwear him,
So ſnar'd him.
Yet, for all this, he danc'd in's ſhackles,
And cry'd, t'other Pot, I want more tackles,
And thus, (till breake of day) it cackles,
Layd hauing
The Addle Egge of his turn'd braines,
In his iron neſt of ruſtie chaines,
Which made him loſe both ſenſe of paines,
And rauing.

A long-tail'd Rat.

THe next that in our little eaſe,
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,
Was a ſpruiſe Knaue, (like none of theſe)
But ſober,
As

As the Stand May-pole,—I did goe
In ruffe,—His thumbe th'row ring did ſhow
A Gentleman ſeal'd,--for he was no
Hog-grubber:
It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,
Whoſe back wore freeze, but bum no ſcarlet,
And was tane napping with his Harlot,
At Noddy:
But being hal'd in, his heare he rent,
And ſwore, they all ſhould deere repent
Their baſencſſe,—for no ill he meant
To her body.
The Priſoners ask'd then what ſhe was,
(Quoth he) My Client,—One well to paſſe,
Though here they impound me like an Aſſe,
Ile ferke them,
Ile make the Beakle plucke in' s horne,
He flirted at my noſe in ſcorne, (mourne,
The Watch ſhall ſtinke, the Conſtable
Ile ierke them,
Hang them (if need be)-for they broke
Her houſe,—That's Burglarie,--The clocke
Scarce counting two,--Then me they ſtruck
Ath'mazzard,
An

An action of ſtrong Battry! Good!
They made my noſe then guſh bloud,
(One more!)--And that I miſt the mud
Was hazzard.
Here's Law in lumps:--Muſt (when to triall
My Client comes) I haue deniall
For ingreſſe to her, by Scabs? A Ryall
I enter
At Midnight,--a plaine Caſe,--elſe *Ployden*
The Caſe is altred:--ſhall each *Hoyden*
Barre Law her courſe? Dare ruſticke *Royden*
So venture?
A farthing-candle burning by,
By chance his rayling rage did die,
Yet to his Breſt, Reuenge did crie:
So churning
His brains for Law-tricks how to ſting them,
And vp to all the Barres to bring them,
He ſate, (hard-twiſting cords to wring them)
Till morning.

No more of this light skipping verſe,
A dretrie tale I now rehearſe.

LOng this browne ſtudy did not laſt,
But in, at Compter-gates as faſt
Throng'd in the Watch agen, A noiſe
Of ſcraping men and ſqueaking boyes,
Straight fill'd the houſe. The Two-penny (Ward
leap'd vp, and fell a dancing hard:
Out at the Hole, all thruſt their heads,
The Knights Ward left their ſeuen-groat (beds,
The Maſters ſide hearing the din,
Swore, that the Deuill was ſure brought in,
But when they heard they Fidlers were,
Some curs'd the noyſe, ſome lent an eare;
None curs'd, but what went drunke to bed,
Being then for want of drinke halfe dead.

Lock'd were the Fidlers in a Roome,
All cry'd, Strike vp, Play Rogues, Fum-fum,
The Minnikin tickled, roare did the Baſe,
Then bawdy ſongs, all ſleepe muſt chace;
The men playd heauily, boyes did whine,
Not ſeeing meat, money, beere, nor wine,
Vp ſuch a laugh the Priſoners tooke,
That the Beds danc'd, and chambers ſhooke,
Nay, the ſtrange Hubbub did ſo pleaſe,
At Priſon-bace ran both Lice and Fleas.

The

The Rozzen rubd off, and Cats guts wearie,
Wee ask'd, How they who made men merrie
Grew ſad themſelues, And why (like Sprites)
Fidlers being ſtrung to walke a nights,
Were they lock'd vp? --One then (i'th'eye
Putting his finger) told vs why.
Quoth he, Being met by a mad Crew,
In theſe poore caſes, --vp they drew
Our Fiddles, and like Tinkers ſwore
We ſhould play them to the Blue Bore,
Kept by mad *Ralph* at Iſlington,
Whoſe Hum and Mum, being powr'd vpon
Our guts, --ſo burnt'em, we deſir'd
To part, --being out o'th' houſe eene fir'd:
As our hands play'd our Heads were plied,
And, tho, the night was cold, we fried;
For ſuch hot waters ſod our braine,
Like Dawes in *Iune*, we gap'd for raine.
Strong were our Coxcombs, our legs weake,
We, not our Fiddles had wit to ſpeake,
The company then being faſt aſleepe,
And we paid ſoundly, out did creepe
Into the high-way. --O ſweet Moone!
We (but for thee) had beene vndone:

Yet, though thy torch to vs was lighted,
We all might well haue beene indited,
For breaking into others ground,
Three in one ditch being almoſt drown'd.
Yet out we ſcrambled, and along (throng,
The Play-houſe came,- where ſeeing no
We ſwore 'twas ſure ſome ſcuruie play,
That all the people ſo ſneak'd away,
And ſo the Players deſcended were
Toth' Starres, Nags head, or *Chriſtopher.*
To all thoſe Tauernes (we cry'd) Let's go;
At which one fell, and and then ſwore--No.
The Bars at Smith-field well we paſt,
For all the Watch had runne in haſt,
Arm'd with chalk'd Bils, wak'd by a cry
Of Whore-dorps tane by th'enemie.
From Cow-Croſſe ſtood thoſe ſtoues not far,
In which were entred men of warre,
(Low-Countrey Souldiers late come o're)
Each one going in to preſſe a VVhore.
Leauing them preſſing, on we trot
Through the Horſe-faire, till wee had got
Into the middle of Long-Lane)
(VVhere vp the Deuill doe Brokers traine)

There

There downe we fell, and then fell out,
Our leatherne Caſes flew about,
We fenc'd, and foyn'd, and fought ſo long,
That all our Fiddles lay halfe vnſtrung,
Their backs were broke, and we oth' ground
Swouning for griefe they did not ſound:
Our noyſe brought vp from Alderſgate
The rugged Watch, who before ſate,
Nodding at the old Mermaids dore,
Who with a guard of halfe a ſcore
Seiz'd vs, and cry'd, at going away,
Sad *Lachrimæ* you there ſhall play.
This told, the Priſoners laugh't out-right,
And tho the whole Ward had no light,
Yet from their beds all skip and crie,
Scraper, Strike vp, we the VVatch defie.
The Moone ſo bold was to looke in,
And ſaw ſome onely in their skin,
(Naked as Cuckowes when *Iune's* paſt)
Some had long ſhirts downe to their waſte,
Some wanted back-parts, ſome an arme,
None wore a ſhirt could keepe him warme,
A French Boy, that ſweepes chimnies, weares
His patch'd vp Frocke as white as theirs:

Some on their heads no night-caps wore,
Some lapp'd their browes in hose all tore.
They hobble about, they friske, they sing
So long, that crack'd was euery string,
By their rude horse-play altogether,
Flinging their legs they car'd not whither.
Such horrid noise, such stinking smell
Cannot be heard, nor felt in hell:
Yet o're they gaue not, till the Sunne
Arose, then all to bed did runne.

Good Morrow.

THe Rats into the Trap that fell
(This night) were few:--The Constable
Belike did winke, and would not see;
For, when the winds rise, his Watch and hee
Tosse all that venture on their waues;
The rocks being brown-bils, clubs, & staues,
On which they split them:--These and they
When morning comes are fetch'd away;
Those Rats o're night who shapes did leese,
Being soone turn'd men, by paying but fees,
Yet some loose taile, & some are scratcht bare,
VVhilst Constables and Compters share

FINIS.